ſome liking, I ſhall be out of heart ſhortly, & then I ſhal haue no ſtrength to repent. And I haue not forgottē what the inſide of a Church is made of, I am a peppercorn, a brewers horſe, the inſide of a Churce. Company, villanous company hath bin the ſpoile of me.

Bar. Sir Iohn you are ſo fretfull, you cannot liue long.

Fal. Why, there is it, come, ſing me a bawdy ſong, make me merry. I was as vertuouſly giuen, as a gentleman neede to bee, vertuous enough. ſwore little, dic't not aboue ſeuē times a week went to a bawdy houſe not aboue once in a quarter of an hour, paid mony that I borrowed three or foure times, liued wel, & in good compaſſe, and now I liue out of all order, out of all compaſſe.

Bar. Why, you are ſo fat, ſir Iohn, that you muſt needes be out of all compaſſe: out of al reaſonable compaſſe, ſir Iohn.

Fal. Do thou amend thy face, and Ile amēd my life: thou art our Admirall, thou bearеſt the lanterne in the poope, but 'is in the noſe of thee: thou art the knight of the burning lampe.

Bar. Why, ſir Iohn, my face does you no harme.

Fal. No, Ile be ſworne, I make as good vſe of it, as many a man doth of a deaths head, or a *memento mori*. I neuer ſee thy face, but I thinke vpon hell fire, & Diues that liued in purple: for there he is in his robes burning, burning. If thou wert any way giuen to vertue, I would ſweare by thy face: my oth ſhould be, By this fire, thats Gods Angel. But thou art altogether giuen ouer: & wert indeede, but for the light in thy face, the ſon of vtter darkneſſe. When thou ranſt vp Gads hill in the night, to catch my horſe, if I did not thinke that thou hadſt been an *ignis fatuus*, or a bal of wild fire, there's no purchaſe in money, O thou art a perpetuall triumph, an euerlaſting bone-fire light thou haſt ſaued me a thouſand Markes in Linkes & Torches, walking with thee in the night, betwixt Tauerne & Tauerne: but the ſack that thou haſt drunke me, would haue bought me lights as good cheape, at the deareſt chandlers in Europe. I haue maintained that Salamāder of youres, with fire, any time this two and thirty yeeres: God reward me for it.

Bar. Zbloud, I would my face were in your belly.

Fal. God a mercy, ſo ſhould I be ſure to be heart-burnd.

How

How now, dame Partlet the h
yet who pickt my pocket?

Hoſ. Why ſir Iohn, what do y
I keepe theeues in my houſe? I
haz my husband, man by man,
the tight of a haire was neuer

Fal. Ye lie, Hoſteſſe, Bard
haire: and ile beſworne my po
woman, go.

Hoſ. VVho I? no, I defie th
ſo in mine owne houſe before

Fal. Go to, I know you wel

Hoſ. No, ſir Iohn, you do no
ſir Iohn, you owe me money
quarrel to beguile me of it: I b
your backe.

Fal. Doulas, filthy Doulas. I
wiues, they haue made boulte

Ho. Now as I am a true wo
owe money here beſides ſir I
kings, and money lent you, x

Fal. He had his part of it, le

Ho. He? alas, he is poore, he

Fal. How? poore? looke vpo
them coine his noſe, let them
deny er: what, will you make a
mine eaſe in mine Inne, but I
loſt a ſeale ring of my Grandf

Hoſ. O Ieſu! I haue heard the
oft, that that ring was copper

Fal. How? the Prince is a Ia
were here, I would cudgel hi

Enter the Prince marchin
playing on his trunch

Fal. How now lad? is the w
all march?

Bar. Yea, two and two, Ne

Ho. My Lord *I* pray you h

G

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